

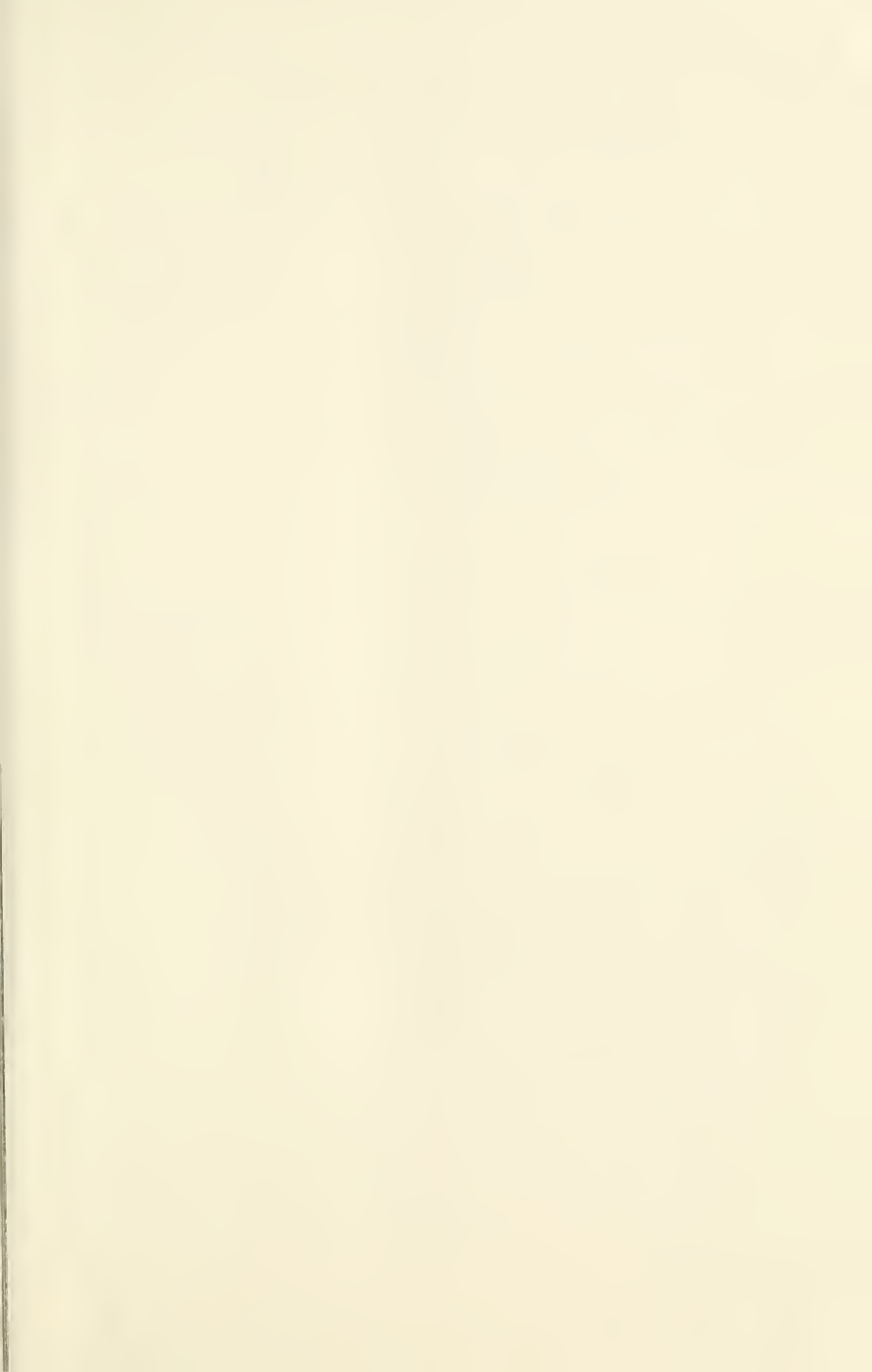
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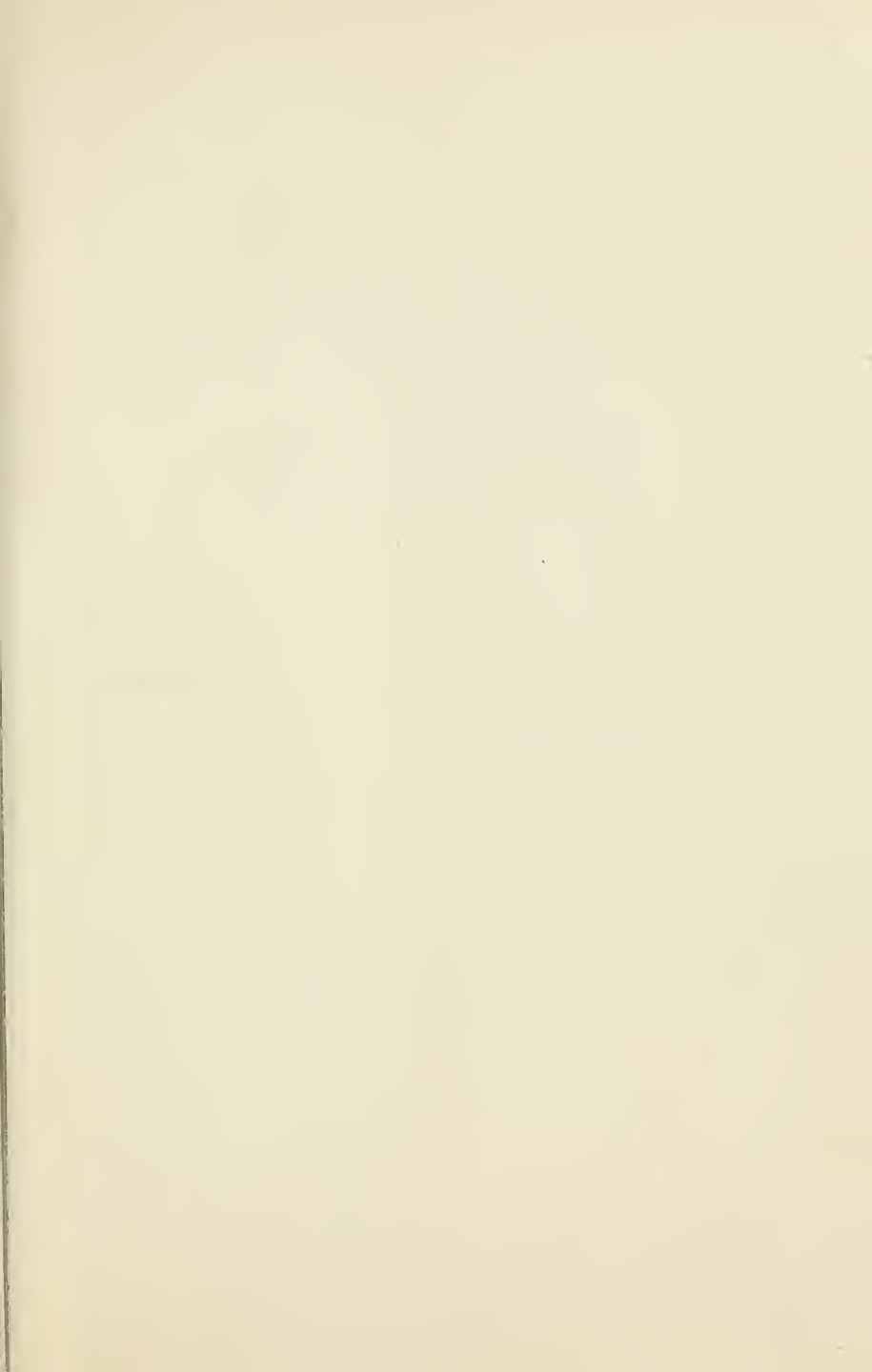
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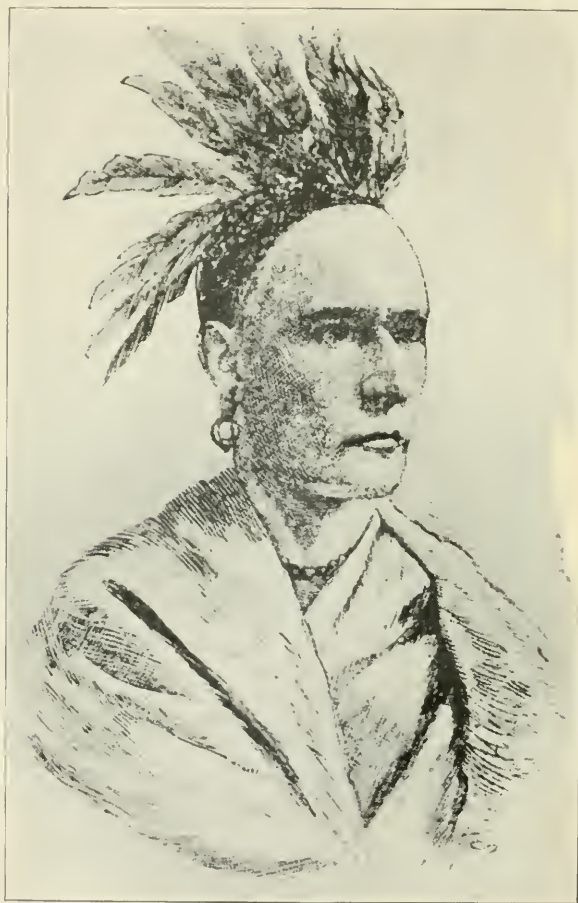
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LOGAN, THE MINGO

LOGAN THE MINGO

BY

FRANKLIN B. SAWVEL, PH.D.

Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania



BOSTON

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Made in the United States of America

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

APR -1 1921

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FOREWORD

THE purpose of this narrative is to recount the events and achievements that make up the life story of Logan, the Mingo, in the order of their occurrence with a fullness and completeness not hitherto attempted.

The author has used material from many records and writers freely without acknowledging the source in the text; but adds a bibliography of Logan literature and list of works consulted and drawn from which he hopes will be a due and adequate acknowledgement to each. The text itself more than suggests the original source of some of the subject matter.

The North American Indians did not have a written language and left no literature to preserve their myths and ideals by recounting deeds of valor and chivalry of brave men and the devotion of beautiful maidens; and no poetry to immortalize their Wise Men and Chiefs. Their history was written by their enemies and conquerors, peoples of different nationalities and of different culture and social ideals.

It is not surprising then that so few names have come down to us and that our inheritance from the lives of their capable and renowned leaders, whether King, Chief or Sachem, in the struggle for existence and for the attainment of what satisfied them as a worthy national and race ambition, is so meager and so lightly appreciated.

The name Mingo, commonly applied to Logan, is of Algonquin origin and means "stealthy or treacherous." It was given to the Iroquois by the Delawares and affiliated tribes and later became the special name of the band of that nation, mostly Senecas, that left the common home in New York and migrated westward to the Ohio country. When he moved from Pennsylvania, he cast his fortunes with these wanderers; and though some times called by his Indian name, Tah-gah-jute, he was no longer called Shikellamy, but became known to history as Logan, the Mingo.

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LOGAN THE MINGO



LOGAN THE MINGO

CHAPTER I

LOGAN'S FOREBEARS AND EARLY LIFE

LOGAN was human. His conduct shows what Cooper calls the diversity or great antithesis of character of the North American Indian. The worst and best qualities of human beings were joined in him. He had the gross instincts, cunning and treachery, thirst for blood and revenge of the Red Man and the sense of justice and honor, love of virtue and peace and the reverence for Deity of the White Man. There was something more noble in this son of the forest than his primitive exterior and inborn savagery. He was first of all a human being and then an Indian with a vision.

His father was born in Montreal of Canadian French parents and had been carried away by the Indians when a child and brought up by the Oneidas, a tribe of the Iroquois. The English called him Shikellamy and the Moravian missionaries spelled it Shikellemus.¹ When he grew to

¹Indian names are often spelled in different ways and the following are found in old records as variations:—Shikellimy,

manhood he married an Indian girl of the Cayugas and lived for a time at the Indian village of Osco or Wasco, now Auburn, New York. Whether Shikellamy wore a tiny bow-and-arrow strung to his neck on his hunting trips before our hero saw the light as was the custom among the Indians when a boy child was wished for, tradition has not told us. But to Shikellamy and his squaw was born a son about the year seventeen hundred twenty-five and they named him Tah-gah-jute, which means, "his eyelashes stick out and above as if looking through or over something—hence spying." When the child was five years old the parents moved to Shamokin where Shikellamy was made Chief of the Indians around the place which was also known as Fort Augusta. It is now Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

Tah-gah-jute was the second, one tradition says the oldest, of four brothers and he had three sisters. His father had been baptized in infancy at Montreal into the Catholic faith. He was converted to the Protestant religion by the preaching of the Moravian missionaries at Shamokin and the eagle-eyed boy was baptized by the same Moravian Brethren and re-named Logan by the

Shakallamy, Shecalamy, Shekallamy, Shickalamy, Shikallamy, Shikelimo, Shikellima, Shikkellemus, Shikellimus, Shikellimy, Shykelimy, Shekellamy, Shick Calamy, Sicalamous, Swatana, Swataney, etc.

fond and ambitious father after James Logan, Secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania under William Penn; for it was held to be a great honor for an Indian to answer to the name of a white man. So it came about that mixed, brave red blood flowed in Logan's veins and honor crowned his youthful brow, prophecies of the life-long and eloquent advocate of peace between his race and the white man he was to become and the ruthless, savage foe when wronged beyond human endurance.

We know little of the boy's life till he arrives at the age of heroic deeds and tests of his innate and keen sense of honor and duty. His after life shows that he had mastered the arts of warfare, of hunting and dressing skins and the nobler arts of diplomacy and peace-making. He often went on hunting trips to the mountain regions of western Pennsylvania and to Virginia and learned the lay of the country so well that he became a trusted guide and messenger. He became expert with the bow-and-arrow and could throw the deadly tomahawk with surer aim than his companions. His greatest skill was in the use of the flint-lock gun they got from the French and English, the most deadly weapon in war and in the chase in those days, and no buck or doe escaped his vigilant eye and unerring aim.

He, too, married a Cayuga maid who bore him several children of whose after life nothing is known with certainty. She died of fever at Shamokin in October, 1747, the same year he was appointed Counsellor for the Cayugas. The following legend with its touch of romance survived among the Cayugas and is worthy to be repeated as it probably refers to his second marriage. Ontonegea was a famous Chief and a close friend of Logan's father. A beautiful child was born to him at Osco. Her eyes were piercing, her face like the smiling sun, her person comely as a flower and her manners gentle. From wigwam to wigwam she tript like a fairy scattering brightness and joy everywhere and when she glided through the maize-fields she brought golden ears and plenty. Ontonegea took her with him on a journey to Fort Orange where an officer in King George's service on account of her remarkable beauty and gentleness gave her an English name, Alvaretta, which she kept ever afterwards. Shikellamy did not forget his friendship for Alvaretta's father and when Ontonegea died he adopted the beautiful girl. Logan had become deeply attached to her in childhood and because his father before he died had requested him to marry Alvaretta, "the marriage ceremony was performed in 1749 by Bishop Zeisberger, a pious missionary who ad-

ministered the consolation of the gospel to his dying parent."

At all events Logan married a second wife, a Shawneese, who survived him but bore him no children. His father had arisen to positions of trust and honor with the Governor of the province and among the settlers and traders. When he went out on official business for the government Logan accompanied him. At the age of twenty-three he was sent alone as ambassador in his father's place. That was the way—the school—in which the young men were trained in diplomacy and public speaking and Logan's after life shows how well and richly he improved the opportunities he had. Frequently after this during his father's declining strength the son was sent on important embassies to act for him. Shikellamy was a friend of the English and admonished his sons to remain friends of the white man. He died the year following the death of Logan's first wife and was buried at Shamokin.

CHAPTER II

LOGAN IS CHOSEN DEPUTY AND ELECTED SACHEM

HIS death did not make Logan his successor. By an Indian custom it fell to the mother's tribe and to the oldest son if accounted worthy. His older brother, Taghneghtoris, also called John Shikellamy, had lost an eye before the father's death and the Council of Chiefs rejected him as their leader on that account and as the successor of his father. The next spring, April twenty-second, seventeen hundred forty-nine, Conrad Weiser appointed Logan, on account of his ability, honesty and prominence, in the name of the Governor to succeed his father and sent a string of wampum to the Onondagas to tell them of the appointment. He accepted the office which was duly confirmed by the Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania and by the Council of Chiefs.

He inherited from his father almost unlimited jurisdiction over the tribes north to the Great Confederacy of the Iroquois, west as far as the

crest of the Alleghenies and south, and lived at a time when two powerful European nations and a third weaker in numbers but with advantages in her favor were savagely contending for the rich prize of a new continent. It would perhaps be too broad to say that he was destined to hold the balance of power; but he was the sentry on the battle line between barbarism and civilization. How long the conflict between the Indian and the Caucasian would have lasted had it not been for his mediation, his sterling honesty and eloquent, persistent counsel for peace between the races, can not be set down by moons or seasons; nor what the final outcome of the death grapple in which Indian, French and Briton were locked in the north and east and the Spaniard and Indian in the south and west would have been. He chose to play the rôle of friend of the white man and peace-maker and to be a wise Sachem meant more to him and to history than to be a great warrior.

He was a young man for so important a position in those days but he had the quiet dignity and refinement of sentiment and feeling that distinguish the lofty minded and had won the confidence of all. It was not long till the General Council of the Onondagas raised him to Sachem of the Shamokin Indians and elected him Sachem of the Cayugas as well. There had been many

Sachems of the Iroquois covering a long period of many generations but only Logan became really famous in history. Yet of few other heroes of his race is the history which has been preserved less complete.

In May of the next year after his appointment he and his oldest brother took part in a conference at Pennsboro to transact important business for the Six Nations. After due deliberation their plan was approved and an agreement was reached that the government would remove the whites who had settled on the lands belonging to his people along the Juniata River. Events were moving rapidly and Logan showed himself worthy of the authority and confidence the government and his kinsmen had placed in him. The provocations were sometimes great and the situation galling. When he made complaints to the government the settlers or squatters were sometimes removed but would return as soon as the officers of the law were gone.

Fortunately during the next two years events of only minor importance occurred that affected his office and the discharge of his duties, for the French and English were chiefly concerned with the growing uneasiness and strife among themselves. He made his home at Shamokin. His house was always open and he continued the hos-

pitality for which his father's house had been so widely known; visitors were frequent and always welcome.

He made formal complaint to the government in 1753 that the traders were bringing scarcely anything to the town but rum and flour. Though the protest was repeated and such complaints were frequently made they were not heeded by the traders who were more interested in the revenue they got from the sale of rum than they were in the welfare of the people and improvement of the town.

CHAPTER III

HE MEETS GREAT MEN IN COUNCIL

EARLY in the spring of 1754 Logan was sent with a message to the Six Nations and to invite them to meet at Albany in the summer with the agents of the Proprietaries for the purpose of purchasing some land from them. Such negotiations were usually called making a treaty. The preliminary arrangements for the meeting were all made by him to the satisfaction of both the Six Nations and the Proprietaries and a great council was held at Albany during the summer. The Province of Pennsylvania was represented by Governor John Penn, Benjamin Franklin, Richard Peters and Isaac Norris, and Logan was the speaker for the Shamokins and Cayugas.

A treaty was agreed upon and duly executed. After the council had ended he sent a message to Brother Onas, as he called the Governor, in December informing the latter of his appointment at the treaty on June fourteenth as the agent of the Six Nations to care for their lands at

Wyoming and on the west branch of the Susquehanna. At another meeting of the Council with the same distinguished men of the Province present, July sixth, for the design to purchase all the lands from the Susquehanna on the east to the western boundary of William Penn's province, which was then the Ohio line, the agents of the government were told that Shamokin and Wyoming would not be sold. They reserved these for their own people as hunting grounds and Logan was appointed to take care of them. He was not to allow any whites to settle on either of the two reserved tracts or on land contiguous to them on the Susquehanna. The negotiations were finished and the treaty made by which that large territory was purchased from the Indians for the insignificant sum of four hundred pounds sterling. And on that memorable July sixth Logan signed the deed or made his cross as one of the Sachems of the Cayugas. The Governor invited him by letter to be present the next summer when the surveyors would run the line as they called it that was to separate the reserved tracts or hunting grounds from the settlements, and afterwards called him "our good friend Shikellamy." During this period of his life he was still known as Shikellamy, especially when he acted in an official capacity or signed documents for the tribes or the

province by making his mark in the form of a cross or letter X.

But even at that early day treaties were sometimes regarded as mere scraps of paper. The treaty was broken by the avaricious whites from farther east soon after the Great Council ended at Albany. People, chiefly from Connecticut, began to settle on the Wyoming lands in the early autumn and before the year ended Logan sent a message to the Governor of Pennsylvania and said, "When the great treaty was held at Albany this summer, the Six Nations in their Council appointed me to the care of the lands at Wyoming and north of the western branch of the Susquehanna which they keep for the use of the Indians who are daily flocking there from all parts and acquainted the Commission of Pennsylvania in the presence of all people that I was their agent: that they put those lands into my hands; and that no white man should come and settle there; and ordered me, if they did, to complain to Pennsylvania; and to get them punished and turned off. In view of this appointment I complain to Pennsylvania that some foreigners and strangers who live on the other side of New York and have nothing to do in these parts are coming like flocks of birds to disturb me and settle those lands; and I am told they have bought those lands

of the Six Nations since I left Albany and that I have nothing further to do with them. I desire you to send to those people not to come; and if you do not prevent it, I shall be obliged to complain to the Six Nations." Thus it happened that the treaty was broken by the lawless whites before they had time to run the line that was to set off the two relatively small tracts the Indians had reserved. The Governor upheld Logan in his protest and promised to punish the offenders in the future.

Conrad Weiser was official interpreter for the government. He also carried on some missionary work among them and built a log house for Logan and his family in September of this year which has been called the first log house erected in Shamokin. The town was known as a tough place even for those days, Indians, traders and frontiersmen alike—"The very seat of the prince of darkness," "The devil's own town." The tribes from the north passed through it over the much used Warriors Path on their way to the frequent wars with the Catawbias in the south and a trail ran through it from east to west. A smithy to mend their guns and a mission house combined had been put up and opened as far back as seventeen hundred forty-seven by Bishop Zeisberger with Weiser's approval and in spite of Logan's protest and

remonstrances against the sale of rum by the traders, fire-water was abundant and drunken orgies were of frequent and almost nightly occurrence.

CHAPTER IV

A PERIOD OF UNREST AND DISTRUST

THE defeat of the English under General Braddock by the French and their Indian allies near Pittsburgh in July, seventeen-fifty-five, spread discontent among Logan's wards and the Delawares east of the mountains and they began to side with the French in the north. Conrad Weiser wrote in his diary August 28, 1750, that the Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas had turned Frenchmen and with them some of the Oneidas. But now the unrest became general and could not be allayed by Logan. He opposed the plan of leaving Shamokin and was encouraged by the leading Chiefs of the Delawares; but he could not persuade them to remain. In October a number of Indians were killed at Penn's Creek. His older brother and Chief Scarrooyady and in fact all the friendly Chiefs of the Delawares and Shawneese joined with Logan in counseling the young warriors to remain quiet. At the same time they urged the Governor to adopt speedy and energetic plans for

defending the colony and waiting Indians. But his white friends engaged in a parley over taxes till it was too late to profit by the foresight and wise counsel offered; and failure to heed the warning and advice promptly resulted in great detriment to the community.

Logan remained behind but was mistreated by the fearful and over zealous settlers and also by some British officers to whom he had a right to look for protection. Indian scalps were being brought in and threats to kill him were made. Finally he was persuaded to join the discontented tribesmen in the north. What was more disquieting to him was the attitude of the Delawares who decided in a council held at Shamokin that they would go to the French settlement in the north and when he hesitated to join them, they told him if he did not go they would look upon him as their enemy; and to be branded as an enemy usually meant torture or death. Late in the autumn he left Shamokin with his kindred and went up the north-east branch of the Susquehanna to Cayuga Lake to live among people who were hostile to the English.

When he got to the Delaware village in the north he agreed to go on the war-path against the English to avenge the many scalps that had been taken and the threats against his own life before

he moved. But some friendly Indian messengers met him and persuaded him to remain friendly to the whites and he did not join them.

It soon became known that he had gone and both the Governor of the Province and Conrad Weiser sent messengers after him with belts of wampum to invite him to return. He received them kindly and the next year taking his wife with him he made a journey to Bethlehem where he met an old friend, the missionary David Zeisberger. He told Zeisberger that he moved north because the Irish people at McKees Fort near Harrisburg treated him badly and threatened to kill him and that he left his guns and all he had, even his clothes. After three days, on the fourth of September, he resumed his journey and went on to Philadelphia to see Governor Hamilton. He told him the story of his wrongs and that he did not want to run away but the whites had abused him and threatened to kill him and he was forced to go. He showed the belt of wampum the messengers had brought him to Cayuga Lake with the invitation to return and said he took it as a reproof for going away the fall before to live among enemies in a wilderness where they were likely to perish for want of provision. He repeated the invitation of the Governor to come back to Shamokin or to his own house or some-

place in the neighborhood where he could keep a watch over them and supply them with necessary provisions, as they were like little children who did not know what was for their own good. He told him further that they had repented and were sorry they had run away when they should have gone to his house at Tulpehocken for protection instead; that they were deceived by the Delawares and lost themselves and that his brother was also led astray; but "we have agreed to come back to Shamokin or to your house as soon as we can with safety and some other friendly Indians have promised to come with us."

The Governor tried to compose him and persuade him to remain at Philadelphia or go to his old home at Shamokin where a strong fort was being built that would protect him. But Logan feared for the safety of his kindred he had left in the north and hastened back to join them.

During the next two years or more the French with their Indian allies were having partial successes in the Champlain country. But Quebec was taken by the British in 1759 and the situation was completely changed. Logan remained in his cabin through it all and took no part in the conflict. He did not change the course he had so consistently followed unless it was to become a more ardent advocate of peace. That he was dissatisfied and

restless in the north he showed by holding frequent communications with his old friends in the Province and by his words and conduct. After an interrupted absence of five years and in answer to repeated promises of the protection of the government from which he had fled, he came back to Shamokin early in February of seventeen-sixty, pleading that he had been "carried away," and was restored to his former trust. He sent a message to Conrad Weiser ten days before he returned informing him when he expected to arrive and that a Great Council of the Chiefs was soon to be held and that he was invited to attend it. He wished to confer with Weiser before he went to the council as he knew that the Governor wanted a road cut from the settlements to Shamokin, "That the Indians might be supplied with goods at Shamokin at all times of the year by a nearer, safer and more commodious way than the dangerous and roundabout way of the Susquehanna which is sometimes impassable in summer and all the winter admits of no transportation of goods or provisions." Weiser was sick at the time and not able to go, but sent his son to meet him at Shamokin. At the meeting Logan urged the importance of presenting the road matter to the Chiefs at their assembly and proved his friendship and loyalty by offering to bring the matter to

the attention of the Onondaga council about to be held. His services were gladly accepted. He was given the message and authority and promised to use his persuasion and influence to have the road plan approved. It will be noticed that he promised to urge by persuasion, which shows a deep-seated Indian trait and a prominent trait in Logan's character. They would listen to arguments and harangues and to many speeches for days in succession, but to force never without resistance. They resented it, and any attempt to force an issue was sure to bring defeat or end in war, for they scorned coercion.

Conrad Weiser and David Zeisberger, the missionary, had been frequent visitors at his home and were his warm friends and trusted counsellors. After the defeat of the French at Quebec the duties of the office of Deputy were changed and much more simple than they had been and his services as the "true correspondent" of Pennsylvania and agent to negotiate with the Six Nations were less required than formerly. The settlements were growing stronger in influence and population. In addition the end of the war between the French and English was in sight. But his concern for the welfare and behavior of his own people as their Sachem did not grow less and

his efforts to bring about peace and good will did not wane or fail him.

The last official acts and service as Deputy for the Province of Pennsylvania of which a record was made and preserved is his attendance at the Great Conference at Lancaster in August, seventeen hundred sixty-two. It is said that his two only brothers then living and several Chiefs of the Cayugas and Senecas went with him on this occasion. A treaty was made between the government and both the northern and western tribes whose terms were satisfactory to both parties, the Indians and the English, and hopes for peace between them were once more entertained. From this meeting he went to Philadelphia on an important mission which he presented in person to Governor Hamilton. He besought the Governor to remove the profane and profiteering agent at Shamokin and appealed to him for better prices to be paid to the Indians for their merchandise which consisted chiefly of dressed skins. The appeal was courteously received and he was promised a prompt, due and proper consideration of his request.

It was June of the year following, after he returned to Shamokin, the scene of his youth and early manhood, that he promised to report any

approach of enemies he might scent or hear of. But the town had been despoiled, the buildings such as they were mostly torn down, and the nearby hunting grounds no longer furnished his kindred ample food. His official duties were finished and he was now ready to retire and move on to better and more secure hunting grounds. For sixteen years he had faithfully and ably done the duties of his two-fold office. The nature of these onerous tasks had made him the arbiter of differences of opinion in regard to the material, social and moral well-being of the two races. The government approved his conduct and highly appreciated his services. Superiors in office and associates from the Governor down held him in high esteem for his candor and impartial dealing and often rewarded and commended him for honesty and ability. Without boast he could say in the words of Black Hawk to President Andrew Jackson spoken more than half a century later, "I am a man and you are another."

The poet Thomas Campbell preserves a beautiful tradition in the romance of "Gertrude of Wyoming," that Logan as "Outalissi" rescued a child in seventeen hundred sixty-three by unbinding its mother from a tree to which she was tied by her Indian captors to be tortured and burnt. The father, "a captain of the British band," had

just been killed in a war with the Hurons. When loosed the mother swooned away, praying that her orphan boy might be taken to her kindred. After a long and dangerous journey the magnanimous Chief,

. . . the eagle of my tribe, have rushed
With the lorn dove. . . .

reached Wyoming on the Susquehanna with the little child and delivered him to her kindred in safety.

CHAPTER V

FIVE YEARS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

THE year seventeen hundred sixty-five brought a change and rest to Logan. Early in the summer he moved to Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, and built himself a cabin near Reedsville and hard by a limestone spring which is known as Logan's Spring to the present day. The site he chose for his new home was only a mile or two above a charming mountain gorge called the Narrows in Jack's Mountain. Here he lived in the midst of untamed forest wilds for the next five years in peace and quiet and made an honest living by hunting and selling dressed skins, mostly deer skins. His conduct and devotion to industry and domestic life during this brief period show his high sense of responsibility and justice in civil life to advantage and much to his credit.

The religion, philosophy and social polity of the Indian at his best contained only the first principles of civilization, but these were of a high order. Their God was the *potency* of all Nature

symbolized by the Great Spirit, Manitou. And their primitive mind and concrete imagination found Deity in every created object and thing and everywhere—in themselves, in sun, moon and stars; in trees and flowers, forest and stream; in wind, rain and storm; in cloud and sky and in all animal life. But Logan could add to innate reverence his early Moravian Christian training which in his most trying moments and tragic deeds never entirely forsook him. He was master of the dialects of the various and many tribes and besides could speak both French and English and was well equipped for the position he filled of mediator between the Red Man and the pioneer.

Within a year after he settled at Reedsville three Indians stopped one Sunday morning at the home of a white man in Raccoon valley which was miles away from Kishacoquillas valley where Logan had his cabin. They set up their guns outside of the house and went in. It was noticed by the family that one of the visitors could speak English. After several hours of talking and jabbering among themselves and apparently amusing themselves, one of the boys of the family got a Bible and read two or three chapters from the Book of Judges about Sampson and the Philistines. The father observed that the one who could speak English paid close attention to what

was read and remarked what a great benefit it would be to the Indians if they could read. "Oh, a great many Indians on the Mohawk River can read the book that speaks of God," was the reply. They were never in a hurry and the three or four hours were strenuous ones to their host. They left peaceably and several days later the family learned that the one who could speak English was Logan. What one says and does reveal his real character; in fact, they are the outward signs of what is within. But the recorded words of Logan are not as many as one would wish for, too few indeed, because he could not write them down himself. Yet accounts of some of his most kindly acts and most illuminating utterances have been preserved with a curious care and exactness. Judged by these he stands alone among the renowned heroes of his race; for while Nature made many Indians, Chiefs and Sachems, she made but one Logan.

The following incidents are connected with the next three years of his life while he lived in the forest and mountain wilds of Mifflin County and were printed in the *Pittsburgh Daily American* of March 21, 1842, in a letter written by Hon. R. P. Maclay of the state senate of Pennsylvania to George Darsie of the same body. They reveal

his inner human nature and sense of honor and a high standard of justice and right.

Dear Sir:—

Allow me to correct a few inaccuracies as to place and names in the anecdote of Logan, the celebrated Mingo Chief, as published in the *Pittsburgh Daily American* of March seventeenth, to which you call my attention. The person surprised at the spring, now called Big Spring, and about four miles west of Logan's Spring, was William Brown—the first actual settler in Kishacoquillas valley and one of the associate judges of Mifflin County from its organization till his death at the age of ninety-one or two, and not Samuel Maclay as stated by Dr. Hildreth. I will give you the anecdote as I heard it related by Judge Brown himself while on a visit to my brother who then owned and occupied the Big Spring farm, four miles west of Reedsville:—

“The first time I ever saw the spring,” said the old gentleman, “my brother, James Reed, and myself had wandered out of the valley in search of land and finding it very good we were looking for a spring. About a mile from this we started a Bear and separated to get a shot at him. I was traveling along looking about on the rising ground for the Bear when I came suddenly on the spring; and being dry and more rejoiced to find so fine a spring than to have killed a dozen Bears I set my rifle against a bush and rushed down the bank and laid down to drink. Upon putting my head down I saw reflected in the water on the opposite

side the shadow of a tall Indian. I sprang to my rifle, when the Indian gave a yell whether for peace or war I was not just sufficiently master of my faculties to determine; but upon my seizing my rifle and facing him he knocked up the pan of his gun, threw out the priming and extended his open palm toward me in token of friendship. After putting down our guns we again met at the spring and shook hands. This was Logan, the best specimen of humanity I ever met with, either white or red. He could speak a little English and told me there was another white hunter a little way down the stream and offered to guide me to his camp. There I first met your father.

"We visited Logan at his camp at Logan's Spring and your father and he shot at a mark for a dollar a shot. Logan lost four or five rounds and acknowledged himself beaten. When we were about to leave him he went into his hut and brought out as many deer-skins as he had lost dollars and handed them to Mr. Maclay, who refused to take them alleging that we had been his guests and did not come to rob him—that the shooting had been only a trial of skill and the bet merely nominal. Logan drew himself up with great dignity and said: 'Me bet to make you shoot your best—me gentleman and me take your dollar if me beat.' So he was obliged to take the skins or affront a friend whose sense of honor would not permit him to receive even a horn of powder in return.

"The next year," said the old gentleman, "I brought my wife up and camped under a big wal-



LOGAN SPRING, RUDSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

nut tree on the bank of Tea Creek until I had built a cabin near where the mill now stands and have lived in the valley ever since. Poor Logan (and the big tears coursed each other down his cheeks) soon went to the Allegheny and I never saw him again."

The above narrative was signed by R. P. Maclay and the incidents related were confirmed by a daughter of Judge Brown, Mrs. Norris, who lived near the site of Logan's Spring. She is our authority also for the following incident. Mrs. Judge Brown, her mother, happened to speak in Logan's presence one day of her little girl's need of a pair of shoes. A day or two after hearing this Logan asked Mrs. Brown one morning if he might take her little two-year-old girl, a younger sister of Mrs. Norris, to his cabin to make her a pair of moccasins. The mother was surprised and alarmed by such a request, but could not refuse to let him take her. He kept the child all day and brought her back safely at sunset with a pair of new deerskin moccasins on her tiny feet. On another occasion it is said he won the confidence of a little boy while the father was away from home and took him to his cabin, but returned with the child unharmed before nightfall clad in a pair of bright new moccasins.

We meet Logan again at Standing Stone, now

Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, where he carved on a giant oak tree a full-length figure of an Indian brandishing a tomahawk. It was probably done while making a friendly visit at Standing Stone camp, as it was not far away from Reedsville, or while on that melancholy march with his race towards the setting sun.

CHAPTER VI

SOME CAUSES OF REVENGE AND CRUELTY

THE conflict between the Indian and the Caucasian had been going on for more than two centuries before Logan was born and had increased in wanton savagery from generation to generation. The Red Men's bitter hatred for the Pale-face and thirst for his blood and scalp were consistent with their view and measure of the injustice and wrongs they had suffered and were still meeting in the loss of their ancient hunting grounds and the desecration of the burial places of their fathers and kindred. They believed these had been given to them by the Great Spirit for a home and for a sacred resting place of their dead forever. In the unequal conflict they had the moral advantage of fighting, torturing and killing the intruders for a principle while their enemies were killing and slaughtering them for the sake of plunder. Several centuries that preceded the dark period in Logan's life had seen

bloodshed and savagery, insatiable cupidity and a hoggish greed for gold. How unhuman it all seems now; while the heartless butchery and brazen bad faith too often shown, not to say hypocrisy of those who posed as the Indian's friends and protectors, staggers belief. They were slain as *savages*, and what wicked crimes have been committed under the disguise of "savages" and "heretics." As Victor Hugo would say, "They are the brutalities of progress."

When Christopher Columbus arrived and after he mingled with the natives he said, "The Indians are not savage, but gentle, gracious, without knowing what evil is, without stealing, without killing." Sebastian Cabot, Americus Vesputius, Ponce de Leon, Jean Ribaut, Laudonniere and Menendez—all give the same report and testimony that on their arrival and first meeting and intercourse with the natives they found them kind-hearted and peace-loving. And every school boy and girl knows well the story of William Penn, whom the Indians called "The Red Man's friend." It was after the Spaniards, French and English began to make slaves of them by force and torture and began to kill each other, together with such Indians as had become friends of one or the other adventurer or exploring party, that they became suspicious of all strangers and foreigners and became

hostile to them. The French incited them against the Spaniards, the English inflamed them against the French and the Spaniards led them in battle against both of the others. When Menendez, "By the Grace of God"!! killed Ribaut and three hundred fifty French Huguenots of his shipwrecked and helpless companions without mercy he also murdered the innocent Indians nearby, men, women and children, and burned their village with the same savage barbarity.

The Indians became at once the buffer race in the wanton conflicts of the Spanish, French and English and were the greatest sufferers from every point of view. If it is true that man is not a working animal by nature, as psychologists assure us, but would rather fight than work, it is easy to understand why the Indians disdained every attempt to make them the toiling slaves of a strange and foreign race whatever the pretext offered or hopes held out to them. They had then an inborn aversion for the exacting toil that civilization imposes as the price of human progress and advancement in the arts, industry and learning. Yet they could not get along without some kind of training suited to their needs. The youth who were to become the future brave warriors, Chiefs and Sachems were instructed by the old men and Wise men of the tribes. They were

taught to make weapons for hunting and how to use them and instruments for self-protection and defense. Around the camp fires and in the wigwams the story of their once happy past when they lived in peace and security was rehearsed to them and the wrongs they and their fathers had suffered at the hands of their enemies were recited and repeated to them over and over again till the stories became part of their lives. It is human nature, too, to magnify injuries and brood over them. So these stories were passed down and on from one generation to future generations.

That the freedom which they valued so much was becoming less and less they knew only too well. The restraints forced upon them became more galling to endure from father to son and the hatred for the pale faced intruder grew deeper and more savagely bitter as they saw their braves and their women and children falling at the hands of foreign foes, saw their villages burned and their once broad and undisputed hunting grounds taken away from them.

Among the different tribes the same opinion and estimate of the white man prevailed, whether held by the Iroquois, Algonquin, Delaware, Shawnee or the far-away Seminoles of the south land whose verdict was summed up and tersely expressed in the phrase, "Es-ta-had-kee, ho-lo-

wa-gus, lox-ee-o-jus,"—"white man no good, lie heap too much." It is a sad commentary on the practice freely indulged in during those early Colonial times that scarcely one of the many treaties made with the Indians was fully and faithfully kept and the pledges redeemed, as the records of the Indian Bureau at Washington show. The same records show also that the whites were the delinquents and aggressors oftener than the Indians.

Nor is it less a reproach to the intelligence and morality of those who professed to want to help them to better modes of living to know and reflect that the language and dialects of the Indians had no words of disrespect for their deity, the Great Spirit, and contained no words of profanity; that drunkenness was not known and that lying, cheating and stealing among themselves were rare indeed if not unknown when the white man first came in contact with them and learned their speech. Honor and truthfulness were cardinal virtues to them. Many of the snakish vices found among them through their later tribal history were imitations and retaliations which they had learned by sad experience from their alien associates and conquerors and were not original with them.

From the time the explorers came in search of

treasures and gold and later as the foreigners began to plant colonies the conditions were not conducive to the mutual trust and confidence between the races which each professed to be anxious for and to be working to bring about. The whites soon learned to know the treacherous and revengeful nature of the Indians and mistrusted them. The Indians in turn were jealous of the whites and looked upon them as intruders and not without ample reasons mistrusted their motives for invading their lands. Underneath the short periods of outward quiet was the remembrance of the past. Whatever else they lacked in mental poise and equipment, they had retentive and virile memories and did not forget for a day the injustice they felt they were the victims of nor the wrongs, real or fancied, they had suffered. They were treacherous and were becoming more so, but not among themselves.

When the French assumed to be their masters they were promised that they would be protected against their enemy, the English, and that their women and children would be safe and their homes and hunting grounds preserved. Then the English gained a firm foothold in the east and made the same promises and each gave the bewildered Red Men gifts, guns, ammunition and barrels of rum to confirm the promises they made and

to assure them of the love and good will of the Great Father as they called the King of each. But the wily Indian was a close observer and was clear enough of vision and keen enough in judging to suspect that the ulterior purpose was to take their lands away from them and destroy the hunting grounds on which they depended for food and existence. They could not serve two masters and deceit and treachery were forced upon them. The effect of these conditions was bad and tended to debauch them. Chief Custaloga told the British officer at Fort Pitt of their distrust and fear when he said, "We have, therefore, also to hope that what you have said to us upon this head comes from your hearts and not with a design to amuse or deceive us."

But what has this to do with the life of Logan, the patriot? the reader may ask. It had much to do in shaping the course he followed and in both molding and testing his character. He could not belie his ancestral inheritance nor forget his own past. New England and the immediate east dealt more humanely with the benighted savages and did not incur their worst hatred. The Moravian Brethren and the Jesuit missionaries gained their confidence by treating them with such human kindness and justice that they became firm and trusted friends, learned from them the useful ways of

peace and industry and lived among them or in their own towns under the fostering protection and encouragement of their benefactors in peace and safety. Other bands like the Six Nations in New York and smaller groups in places made secure for them by William Penn became gradually settled and peaceful.

But the tribes and remnants of tribes in the Ohio country continued to resist the advance of the frontiersmen, scorn the encroachments on their broad domains and fight for the personal liberty of which they were both proud and jealous. The ancient moorings were giving away and though submission or extinction inevitably awaited them they were slow to see the danger and not yet willing to accept the fate which had already been sealed. They hoped against hope and their spirits were still unconquerable.

It was among these western tribes that Logan now decided to cast his fortunes and make his home and share their hopes and griefs. He was still the wise counselor for peace and hoped against all odds that the government which had protected him so long and which he had served so faithfully would set things right and keep the aggressors out of the western country where they might again live in peace to themselves. French and Spanish interests and influence had largely

disappeared and the conflict was now and continued to be between the unsubdued tribes who were encouraged by a few mercenary whites on the one side, and the frontiersmen and officers of the English government on the other. The vital issue and alternatives that faced them were whether they would yield to the advancing civilization which they did not understand and become a part of it to advance with it and likewise receive a share of the promised benefits and wealth of the new order; or stubbornly choose the slavery or extinction that seemed to await them.

CHAPTER VII

LOGAN MOVES TO THE OHIO COUNTRY

WHAT purpose Logan had in his mind or what influences induced him to abandon the quiet home among the mountains near a growing settlement of friendly pale-faces who trusted him and appreciated his dependable honesty and character and migrate westward to live among his own restless and war-like people where life was less secure, was not regarded as a matter of sufficient importance to be made an item of record. Was it on account of his love of adventure, love of the simple life into which he had been born free from what must have been to him artificial niceties, false modesties and luxuries of the new mode of living that were thrusting themselves in his way with the added desire for the freedom which untamed forests and streams offered? Or was he impelled by love of his own rugged, roving, leisure-loving kinsmen and a lingering hope and ambition to save their lands and homes from the spoilers by eventually getting a boundary line set

up that would separate the two races, the red and white, for all time to come—a treaty boundary that would be respected and faithfully kept by both as inviolable? Or was he pushed out by the new westward-marching empire? Whatever the causes or influences may have been that brought him to a decision, he moved to the Allegheny River region in 1770. The name Allegheny was at that time a rather indefinite term and applied to the Ohio as well, for the latter was but a continuation of the former. He took his family with him and lived for three years at the mouth of Beaver Creek. He was visited by the noted annalist of the Indian race, Heckewelder, in his new home. McClure, the missionary, visited him the next year after Heckewelder's visit and found him under the influence of rum and painted up as a warrior. Heckewelder visited him a second time two years after his first visit. He explained and lamented the difficult if not impossible task of holding the young men in check and from making brutish reprisals when under the influence of drink. In the midst of new surroundings he was also face to face with changed relations and conditions. It is true the Mingoes, Delawares and Shawneese, who now dwelt north of the upper Ohio and westward to the Muskingum and Scioto, were migrants from his old territorial jurisdic-

tion in the Susquehanna region south of the lands of the Great Iroquoian Confederacy and were not entire strangers to him; but the whites were new.

George Croghan was interpreter and Deputy Indian agent for western Pennsylvania and lived above Pittsburgh. Conferences were frequently held between the agent and officers of the government on the one side and groups of Chiefs chosen from the different tribes on the other;—sometimes at Croghan's house and other times at Fort Pitt. But Logan did not appear among the Chiefs as an ambassador. When he retired from the office of Deputy on leaving Shamokin it was final and he did not re-enter the service. Whether this holding himself aloof was voluntary on his part or because he was not authorized to be a mediator can not be said. His disposition was by nature modest and retiring and he did not mingle with the Virginians who claimed all the lands in the Monongahela and Ohio valleys, as he had associated with the leaders of the Province and frontiersmen east of the mountains. The followers of William Penn and his policy were trusted friends of the children of the forest; but the Virginians with whom he now had to deal were different. Protection of life and property and the amassing of more acres and more wealth were still the chief ends to be attained. Strife prevailed

rather than friendly concern for the common weal, and the relations were not very cordial at this time.

His work as a peace-maker and counsel as the friend of the white man were carried on with the tribes in their Assemblies and through the Councils of Chiefs. He was his own ambassador, and had to bargain at longer range and less directly and intimately than before. The separation and recluse position gave him more range, perhaps, and offered greater temptation to indulge the fondness for rum he confessed to Heckewelder—a weakness which his father abhorred and never indulged in himself because he said, “It makes white men fools.”

After the war between the French and English ended in favor of the latter, the Indians, who had been holding the balance of power and had become vain and conceited over their importance, now found themselves slighted and neglected and treated as so many wild beasts to be hunted and shot down as trophies of superior marksmanship or “for sport,” as one fully reliable and well-informed author puts it. Whites would disguise themselves as Indians and thought little more of killing Red Men than of killing bears and buffaloes; and the tortures and death inflicted on the whites by the Indians were even more hideous and

revolting. To such lengths had race hatred driven them in Logan's time that mutual distrust had become criminal and brutish. The attitude and environment were changed and his personal influence was less; but he did not give up nor did the execrations which were heaped upon his kindred drive him away from being a friend of the white man.

Logan went to Fort Pitt frequently to trade and no doubt visited the savage warrior, Kiasutha, at his village located at the mouth of Squaw Run, eight miles above on the north bank of the Allegheny. But no mention is found in the scanty chronicles of those days that he attended councils or joined the grim warrior in border raids, though their camps were only fifty miles apart, which to the fleet-footed Indian with his roving habits could not be called distant. He took no interest, neither any share, in torturing prisoners, even though they happened to fall victims of their own cruelty. The traders at Fort Franklin were not too far away to get part of his merchandise and he was a welcome visitor at Custaloga town up the old Trail along French Creek, made famous by Washington going over it on his journey to Fort le Boeuf and returning in safety. Every path and hunter's pass along the Shenango and the adjacent hills and valleys felt the soft tread

of his cautious feet, while his hunting trips carried him far a-field into the Scioto and Miami country.

Three years after he had pitched his camp at Beaver Creek he moved his family farther down the river to the mouth of Yellow Creek on the north bank of the Ohio, three miles below where Wellsville now stands. The town of Mingo Junction, twenty miles farther down the river, perpetuates the name of his tribe and his memory on the strength of Logan having been there for how long or how short a period no one knows. The student of Indian history and biography is hampered by the fact that they had no written language of their own except pictograph inscriptions, which are occasionally found, and the meaning and import of these is often uncertain. So they themselves left no written records of great events or of the prowess of their great men, heroes or heroines, told from their own viewpoint of life and its interests. And by a second important circumstance that the information we have and the records which were made at or near the time the events occurred are often conflicting and were in the case of written accounts made by their common foes, chiefly French and English, and colored by the personal equation of the self-interest of traders and petty officers at a time when the chief concern of the invaders of their lands and rights was to

deprive them of both and drive them out of the country or failing in that to exterminate them outright. Volumes have been written by people of a different race portraying and emphasizing the treachery and savagery of the Indians, but the like deeds of those who were confiscating and debauching their homes are scantily told, if at all, and condoned, justified or dismissed on the question-begging plea that they were savages, blood-thirsty animals that could talk and nothing besides.

Brief reports by traders and missionaries of the purchase of pelts and dressed skins indicate that Logan still followed the pursuit of hunting and of peacemaker pleading for justice, and contending that the Indians were the rightful owners of the lands north of the Ohio. He scorned extinction. But peace did not encircle his new home now at Yellow Creek. Early the next spring after his arrival, while some of his men were trying to capture a horse that was tethered on their ground in the neighborhood, two were shot down by one Myers, a Virginia land-grabber. The camp began to plan revenge, it is said, and a squaw, supposed to have been Logan's sister, gave a hint to the band of outlaws to which Myers belonged, who were lodged on the south side of the river at the time under the command of the unscrupulous land thief, Daniel Greathouse.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MURDER OF LOGAN'S FAMILY

THE following day was the thirtieth of April, seventeen hundred and seventy-four. It was also the day of the brutal murder of Logan's family. He was away westward in Ohio on a hunting trip. Greathouse invited the Indians of the camp to Baker's tavern across the river to be his guests for the day. They accepted the invitation, which was outwardly friendly and apparently sincere. The next day a party from the camp,—one reporter says eight, another nine, a third ten, and Heckewelder and Dodridge say twelve—crossed the river in their canoes to the south side of the Ohio opposite the mouth of Yellow Creek to make the friendly visit at Baker's, a rum-seller. They left their guns in their tents as it was to be a friendly visit. There were at least five men, several women and a two-months-old child in the party. The mother of the infant was Logan's sister.

When they arrived the whites gave them rum.

Three of the men drank freely and became beastly drunk. The others refused to drink, as it was a custom among the Indians for one or more of a party to remain sober. The sober Indians, one of whom was Logan's brother, were then challenged to shoot at a mark, which was a common sport or game among them. They all agreed and the Indians shot first. As soon as they had emptied their guns and were thus without weapons or chance to defend themselves they were shot down. One woman, the sister of Logan, tried to escape by flight, but was also shot down. She lived long enough, however, to beg mercy for her little babe and told them it was one of their kin. Its life was spared on that account. The whites had men in the cabin prepared with tomahawks to kill the drunken Indians and they immediately set upon them till not one was left alive. Duvereux Smith, a British officer at Fort Pitt, in a letter to Governor Dunmore of Virginia dated June tenth, reported that nine Indians were killed by Greathouse and his men at Baker's. In the party so foully deceived and slaughtered were the mother of Logan, his youngest living brother, called John Petty, and his only surviving sister with her two-months-old babe. In a note to Captain Cresap several months later he calls the babe his cousin, which was the customary title of a



LOGAN ELM

sister's child with the Indians. Not one of the party escaped except the babe, whose life was saved by the mother's plea of kinship.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy,
Have I not seen what human things can do.
Lord Byron

When Logan returned from the hunt and heard of the atrocious deed, vengeance seized him. Later he said, "Logan thought only of revenge; Logan will not weep." And from that moment his gospel read, "Vengeance belongeth unto me; I will recompense, saith Logan." And action was his Bible.

A short time before that fatal last day of April a council of Chiefs had assembled and many of them were in favor of war. In reply Logan argued, "I admit that you have just cause of complaint. But you must remember that you, too, have sometimes done wrong. By war you can only harass and distress the frontier settlements for a time and then the Virginians will come like the trees in the woods in number and drive you from the good lands you possess, from the hunting grounds so dear to you." His counsel prevailed as usual and the Chiefs decided against war. Throughout the French and Indian war and the conspiracy of Pontiac which followed so

closely, he remained in his cabin an advocate of peace. But wanton killing of fellow human beings is a return to savagery whether the color be red or white and the treacherous slaughter of his family without cause or provocation so far as he could see or was personally concerned was too much for his hot blood and natural instincts to bear. He would not have been an Indian if he had submitted without doing more than to make complaint to the government which he had served so long and well; nor would he have been human, the great human that he was, if he had not resented the atrocity with feelings of vengeance and with the most effective weapons of punishment he could use. At the time Heckewelder last visited him he complained "against the English for imposing liquor upon the Indians; but otherwise admired their ingenuity; spoke of gentlemen, but observed the Indian unfortunately had but few of them as their neighbors." From the friend of the white man and advocate of peace he had always been he was changed into a fearless, fiendish foe. Instead of remaining in his cabin he went to war, not at the head of a great army of braves, but almost alone and on his own account; instead of making treaties he made history, on every page a tragedy written in blood.

CHAPTER IX

VALUES PLACED ON HUMAN LIFE

IT may soften the deep crimson color scheme of the picture to recall some facts of history that are not quite complimentary. The British Parliament passed an Act in 1774 which made the Ohio River the southern and the Mississippi River the western boundary of Canada without purchase or payment. This territory was attached to Quebec by the Act and placed in charge of the Virginians, whose Governor was Lord Dunmore. England had at the time one hundred and fifty capital offenses in her penal code, from stealing a shilling, which at par equals about twenty-four cents of our money, up or down as you choose to call it, to the most heinous crimes, all punishable by death. The "Ocean Hells" method, as they were called, of punishment so fully portrayed in Russel's "The Prison Ship" was about to be adopted; it consisted of confining the hapless victims in stocks on board vessels specially constructed and sent out to sea, where many were

starved or literally flayed alive before they reached their destination. In 1722 Massachusetts increased the bounty paid for Indian scalps from twelve pounds sterling each to one hundred pounds. Pennsylvania had similar laws with a graded system of bounties for scalps which ranged from one hundred fifty Spanish silver dollars for males above ten years of age and women slightly less down to children of either sex at fifty and thirty pounds each. As recent as February 19, 1781, quoting from the Colonial Records of Pennsylvania, "An order was drawn in favor of Colonel Archibald Lochry, Lieutenant of the County of Westmoreland, for the sum of 12 lbs, 10s state money, equal to 2,500 dollars, Continental money, to be paid by him to Captain Samuel Brady, as a reward for an Indian scalp, agreeable to a late proclamation of this board." The order was signed by his Excellency Joseph Reed, President of the Executive Council. And the Colonial Legislature had passed an "Act for giving rewards for scalps" in 1745.

In 1777, only three years before the death of Logan, the British Commander, Henry Hamilton, at Detroit, made very tempting offers to the Indians of rewards for the delivery to him of American scalps and prisoners, who like the Indians were fighting for their rights and freedom.

He told them he preferred prisoners which he called "live meat" to scalps and offered One Hundred Dollars apiece for either.

The Indian's code was scalp for scalp and a prisoner additional to replace every one, old or young, lost by death or capture and for other offenses tortures of the most savage and hideous kind or death at the stake by burning. It is well, too, to remember that it was but a short span of less than two generations that separated Logan's career from the days when witch torture and burning and other ghoulish atrocities were inflicted upon innocent and harmless whites in the colonies by people of their own color and blood on the silly, savage, superstitious plea that the victims did not believe what the persecutors professed to believe. Beastly ferocity was not a monopoly with the natives nor was it practiced by them alone during any period since the advent of the white man, whatever the country across the sea he came from. Neither was barbaric torture and butchery a monopoly of one race at any period of Logan's life. The lower in civilization an individual or nation is and the lower her feeling for human fellow beings descends, whatever the color, the more bitter and brutal the hatred.

Half a dozen years before, while Logan still lived at Reedsville, he was cheated by a tailor

who traded him bad wheat for good dressed deer-skins. He made complaint and when Judge Brown decided in his favor he replied, "Law good, makes rogues pay." But when the law failed to protect his family the savage nature within was aroused and the old, old law of primitive man, "Life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, strife for strife," was the only law and way to redress the wrongs he had suffered that he knew or could invoke. He had not taken the scalp or the life of a white man before the time of the Yellow Creek tragedy when the unconquerable impulse to take life for life seized him. His course reminds one of Prince Roland. Besides this he had been taunted often by his fellow warriors and Chiefs for being a friend of the white man and had borne it bravely. It is grossly unjust and would falsify human nature to suppose that Logan and the Red Men had no feelings of human kindness in their bosoms; and it would falsify history to say they had no inhuman wrongs to incite them to malicious revenge and that their savagery was cold-blooded murder in which they took fiendish delight. They were by nature lovers of peace.

CHAPTER X

PERSONAL TRAITS

LOGAN was now in the prime of life, a fine specimen of robust manhood with a commanding presence, dignified in bearing and brave as the bravest of the brave. He was built in the style of the primeval forest, six feet two or more, broad shouldered, lithe of limb and alert and as soft of tread as a tiger; he was self-reliant and straight as an arrow. He is described as handsome, with more than usual raven-trailing locks and as having jet-black eyes vigilant as the eyes of an eagle, firm-set mouth and the kindly features of a child. When he began the drink habit is not known. He spoke eloquently and often against the bringing and selling of rum to his people by the traders, but confessed frankly to Heckewelder his own fondness for it. His outburst of savagery and thirst for revenge were not because he was an Indian, but because he was human. Not a drop of his blood was now running in the veins of any human being, he said. But this was an extrava-

gance of speech that was very common among the Indians and harmless, for they delighted in expletives and ornament of their speech as well as of their faces and bodies. His oldest brother, the father of Tod-kah-dohs, who six years later took Logan's life, was still living and made his home near Tyrone, Pennsylvania. He, too, remained a firm friend of the white man, true to the admonition of their father. During the Revolutionary War he helped the colonist cause as a scout and spy so loyally that his services were called to the attention of General Washington, from whom he received formal mention for the aid he gave to the patriot cause. He lived to a great age and died on the Cornplanter Reservation more than a quarter of a century after the death of Logan. His youngest brother had died at Shamokin before the father; one sister died near Lancaster the year after he moved north from Shamokin and seven years later another sister was killed by the Paxton raiders on the Susquehanna in seventeen hundred sixty-three.

CHAPTER XI

LOGAN TAKES REVENGE

WHEN the refugees who fled from Yellow Creek arrived at the Muskingum villages two days after the event with the report of the murder, the Mingoes, Delawares and Shawneese were thrown into excitement but remained quiet to the extent that they did not raise the hatchet at once. Logan himself made a vow of vengeance on the Long Knife as the Virginians were called and on traders and settlers alike and said he would take ten scalps for each one of his murdered kin. Some of his camp fled down the Ohio in canoes to their death. But his choice of travel was by the land trails in preference to the exposure that an open canoe offered on lake or river, though it was not always the easier or quicker way. He did not rally an army of warriors and lead them against the foes, but set out on his own account on foot by the most direct route to cut off the traders at Canoe Bottom on the Hockhocking. His course led westward through dense forests

and country already familiar to him along the highlands and bottom trails of the Conotten and Tuscarawas valleys, by Gnadenhütten and the flint quarries overlooking the lower Walhonding, down the Muskingum and across to his destination. Chief Kiasutha reported to Fort Pitt on the ninth of May that the Indians down the Ohio had remained quiet and submitted the loss to the candor and justice of the wise men of the whites. Chief White Eyes reported to Captain Smith of Fort Pitt that Logan aimed to cut off the traders, but the Shawneese took care of them, and he was foiled in his first war of vengeance. Logan stopped among his friends at Wakatomica, "Vomit Town," now Dresden, on the west bank of the Muskingum, fourteen miles below Coshoc-ton.

On the nineteenth of May, with a party of eight chosen warriors who were afterwards joined by four more, he set out a second time and went to the Monongahela River country, which was claimed by Virginia in the neighborhood of Ten Mile, Dunkard and Muddy creeks. After waiting and watching for two weeks his chance came, on the sixth of June. A settler by the name of Spicer, together with his wife and six children, were killed and a boy nine years old named William and a girl aged eleven called Betsy were

taken prisoners. The girl was released, but the boy was kept and grew up among the captors. Two days later two men were killed in sight of a fort on Dunbar Creek. By the twenty-second of June, less than a month's time, he returned to Wakatomica with sixteen scalps and two prisoners. He at once made himself as renowned in war, as he called it, as he had been in peace and his name struck terror whenever mentioned.

His rage had cooled some by this time, but the anger of the tribes, especially the Shawneese, was increasing. After several days' respite he started on the war-path the third time with a party of seven braves back to the Monongahela region near where he thought the murderers of his family lurked. On July twelfth Maj. William Robinson with two other men were in a field opposite the mouth of Simpson Creek pulling flax and were fired on by Logan and his party. One of the men by the name of Brown was killed and the other two started to run away. Logan called to them in English, "Stop, I won't hurt you." "Yes, you will," replied Robinson, and kept on running. "No, I won't," said Logan, "but if you don't stop, by . . . I'll shoot you." Excited by fear, Robinson kept on going, but stumbled over a log and fell and was captured. It is not known with certainty what became of the other com-

panion. Logan made himself known to Robinson, showed friendliness towards him and told him to be of good heart and go with them to their camp. On the way to camp he told Robinson that he would have to run the gauntlet; but he gave him such complete instruction and directions as they traveled together that Robinson ran the gauntlet safely and reached the stake without harm.

When a prisoner was brought in he became the property of the whole tribe or nation and the Chiefs decided what was to be done with him. They decided that his punishment should be torture and death. The former consisted usually of flaying while bound, gashing with knives and prodding or searing with fire brands. He was tied to the stake at the appointed time to be tortured in the usual way and burnt when Logan addressed the council of assembled warriors with such energy, Robinson said afterwards, that the saliva foamed at his mouth. Hostile Chiefs spoke in opposition, to which Logan replied and untied the prisoner. He was fastened to the stake a second time and after a parley was released by Logan. For the third time the blood-thirsty council of Chiefs prevailed and he was again bound to the stake with his life in the balance to be weighed by his captor's mercy and honor. But Logan's

fervent pleading and impassioned eloquence prevailed in the end. He loosed the cords which bound the prisoner to the stake, placed a belt of wampum around him as a mark of adoption and introduced a young warrior to him saying, "This is your cousin; you are to go home with him and he will take care of you." He kept faith and his promise to the last syllable with the otherwise helpless man. Like Massasoit, he regarded his word a pledge which was sacred and could not be violated.

Three days after Robinson had been adopted, Logan came to him with a piece of paper and asked him to write a note for him. Robinson complied with the request and wrote the note with suggestive ink made of gun-powder mixed with water. Logan dictated the note and after re-writing it several times it read as follows:

To Captain Cresap:

What did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The White People killed my kin at Conestoga a great while ago and I thought nothing of that; but you killed my Kin again on Yellow Creek and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill too; and I have been three times to War since; but the Indians are not angry, only myself.

CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN.

July 21 day, 1774.

Logan had been wrongly informed or surmised falsely and in either case probably never fully believed otherwise than that Cresap killed his kin. But it was later proved beyond cavil that Cresap was at Wheeling on the day of the Yellow Creek murder; that Cresap did kill two from Logan's camp the next day as they were making their escape down the Ohio River in a canoe opposite Wheeling; also that Daniel Greathouse and party were the real perpetrators of the crime and that one of the party named Sappington killed Logan's brother, John Petty. Captain Cresap was head officer of the band of Virginians that was operating along the Ohio border with headquarters at Wheeling. A detachment of about thirty led by Greathouse as their commander had gone up the river and were on the south side opposite Yellow Creek at the time. Captain Cresap could not therefore be held responsible for the deed, or if he could be regarded in any degree responsible it could be only indirectly so, as such detached units were practically independent of the chief officer.

The Goddess of Vengeance flew on swift wings. With the note to Cresap in his belt, "savage circumstantial and circumstantial savage," as one writer puts it, he went on the warpath again. This time with a party of a few chosen braves he

set out on a longer journey to the Holston and Clinch Rivers in the southwest corner of Virginia, where it is said Captain Cresap made his home. It was the long knife that had killed his family and on them he turned loose his bitter hatred and savage fury. The scalping party reached the Holston River by the middle of September and proceeded to further glut his thirst for revenge. The note to Cresap was found tied to a club in the house of John Roberts on Reedy Creek, a branch of the Holston. With it on the floor were found the bodies of the whole Roberts family, who had been killed, except one young boy who was carried off captive. Every circumstance in the case pointed to Logan and his party as the perpetrators of the ghastly deed. By the middle of October the party had re-crossed the Ohio and he brought back with him five scalps and Roberts' little boy with two other prisoners.

During their absence the Delawares had been driven from the Muskingum westward by a company of Virginians and were now located among the Shawneese at old Chillicothe on the Scioto River. The party went to their Delaware friends at the new location by the Scioto. He had now taken thirty scalps and prisoners as he had vowed he would do five and a half months before. His thirst for revenge was satisfied. Besides, the

tribes had united under the leadership of the Shawneese with the noted Shawneese Chief Cornstalk as Captain in a desperate effort to destroy the Long Knives and had just returned from a decisive defeat at Point Pleasant. The spasm of ferocious rage and murderous anger that had changed him into a savage demon now left him as suddenly as it had seized him.

At the treaty made with Boquet ten years before, Pennsylvania promised to pay for lands they would purchase or otherwise wrest from the Indians; but Virginia neither heeded nor respected the treaty north of the Ohio. A land company known as the Ohio Company, with the approval of the Governor of Virginia and supported, as you will see, by the militia, continued to locate lands as it was called, which in practice resembled the gentlemen's agreement we hear about in these days, only it was more open and boldly defiant of law, justice and equity and meant the appropriation or taking of the most fertile and desirable lands from the Indians by persuasion, force, murder and even war when other schemes failed.

Logan felt and suffered for his race. They were treacherous and savage; but it is equally true that they had been brutally treated and partly made what they were by the avaricious

pale-face. The whites were obsessed with greed and the idea that might makes right, and a heartless disregard of human life and suffering prevailed. Faithful missionaries condoled and consoled them, traders and the officers of the government were even buying their submission to the loss of their hunting grounds and the outrages inflicted upon them with costly presents and barrels of rum. Still the relations between them had become more strained from day to day for the past five months and the situation and hatred more intense. The Yellow Creek affair was not forgotten on the one side and the greedy rush to grab off the best and choicest possessions continued on the other. Foreigners were no longer safe in their villages or secure while traveling through their country, theirs, Logan insisted, by birthright and by right of discovery, by proclamation of the Great Father, king of England in the Quebec Act, and by treaty agreements as well.

CHAPTER XII

DUNMORE'S WAR

THE Ohio country was a seething pot of unrest and the lives of both whites and Indians were in jeopardy day and night. War was the answer by Virginia. The conflict is known in the history of the period as "Dunmore's War," but in the earlier records it was sometimes called Logan's War. The murder of his family and the toll in human life he took in revenge brought it on sooner than it would have otherwise come. Whether the encounter would have lasted for months or longer instead of a single day if Logan and Chief Cornstalk had not taken a firm stand against war and advised peace instead, can only be guessed. To cope with the situation Governor Dunmore raised an army of about three thousand troops and volunteers to check the uprising or drive the Indians out of that section if necessary. General Andrew Lewis was put in command of one division of eleven hundred Virginians which marched down the Kanawa River to Point Pleas-

ant and encamped in the triangle formed by its junction with the Ohio. Here they were surprised and savagely attacked in the early morning of the tenth of October by an equal number of Indians led by Chief Cornstalk. After a full day of fierce fighting to and fro and the loss of Col. Charles Lewis, brother of the commander, Cols. Fleming and Field and seventy-five officers and men and one hundred forty wounded, the Indians under the cover of night took their dead and wounded with them, as their custom was, crossed back over the Ohio and withdrew to their towns on the Scioto.

Dunmore commanded the second division in person by way of Mingo and the Ohio River and up the Hockhocking. The two divisions were to meet at Camp Charlotte, six miles east of their villages, before making the attack. When Dunmore arrived at the appointed place two days after the Point Pleasant battle he learned that Lewis was encamped only two miles below the villages and, supported by his angry soldiers, was determined to make the attack alone. With difficulty and threats of dismissing him from his command and sending him home under guard, Dunmore's firmness won the day and the attack was not made.

Logan arrived from the Holston raid at the

critical moment. The defeated and foiled warriors had returned from the battle and the Chiefs were assembled in council. From the reports the sentinels were bringing in Dunmore and Lewis would soon join their forces. Chief Cornstalk had advised them not to go to war at a meeting in council before he led them into the battle and now counseled with them to make peace. Logan argued for peace and pled with them not to continue the war. The Council wisely decided against war and a deputation of Chiefs was sent to Dunmore to sue for peace. The Commander agreed to a conference and runners were sent out to invite all the Chiefs to attend it at Camp Charlotte.

Logan refused to go. But the occasion and the moment had come for the supreme climax in his famous career. On the Pickaway plains, six miles south of Circleville and two and a half miles east of the Scioto River, on the bank of Congo Creek stood an elm tree and in its hoary magnificence it is still standing with a diameter of seven feet, a height of seventy-nine feet and a spread of its branches of one hundred and fifty feet—a primeval giant full of years and fame. It was intended, no doubt, to be a wise stroke of diplomacy that led Dunmore to select Col. John Gibson to go as a special messenger to invite and

bring Logan to the appointed conference; for Gibson was the alleged father of the two-months-old child of Logan's sister, whose life was spared at Yellow Creek.

CHAPTER XIII

LOGAN'S FAMOUS SPEECH

LOGAN refused to go with Gibson to the Conference; but he proposed that they, he and Gibson, take a walk to the woods and talk the matter over. At length they sat down on a log under the elm tree, whose fame is still growing and which is known the world over to-day as Logan's Elm. It was here that he made that famous speech with Gibson as his only known listener and audience—one of the finest specimens of heart-throbbing eloquence in the English language if not in any language. Thus it happened that a log in the primeval forest on the Pickaway plains became the throne of justice from which Logan passed sentence on his accusers and on the common enemy who had inflicted on his people about every form of punishment and evil known in the category of pain and crime.

Gibson took down the speech as nearly word for word as was possible and read it to the Conference the next day at Camp Chillicothe.

Thomas Jefferson says in his Notes on Virginia that Gibson attested its genuineness by a sworn affidavit that it is substantially the same as related in the Notes, as follows:

I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked and I gave him not clothing.

During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained in his tent an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to live with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan; not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

The following wording of the speech became popular, but the variation is in the choice of words and the flow of the sentences. The difference is

so slight, just enough to amount to a proof of the genuineness of the above:

I appeal to any white man to say that he ever entered Logan's cabin, but I gave him meat; that he ever came naked, but I clothed him.

In the course of the last war, Logan remained in his cabin an advocate of peace. I had such affection for the white people that I was pointed at by the rest of my nation. I should have ever lived with them had it not been for Colonel Cresap who last year cut off, in cold blood, all the relations of Logan, not sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called upon me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many, and fully glutted my revenge. I am glad there is a prospect of peace on account of the nation; but I beg you will not entertain a thought that anything I have said proceeds from fear. Logan disdains the thought. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? No one.

This simple, dispassionate utterance and cry in words blood-winged and eloquent gushed up from the heart of his race and made the name of Logan immortal. It is the key to his real greatness of soul. If this speech, at once bold, lofty and sublime, had not been faithfully recorded and preserved his oblivion might have been as complete and as much to be regretted as the silence under

which the names of many able Chiefs and Wise Men have been smothered and lost to history. Jefferson justly challenges Cicero, Demosthenes, European and American statesmen to surpass it. The appeal is based on facts and on the lofty sentiments of a common humanity. Its tribute to justice and the brotherhood of man is real and fervent. Like Patrick Henry before the Virginia Convention and Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg, there is an undertone of hope in it and a permeating note of sadness. It was recited in the schools throughout the colonies and new nation and became a model of eloquence for American schoolboys. It was copied in England and translated into French and German and other European literatures as a specimen of classic oratory as lasting as literature and as imperishable as the name Indian; and the hearts of two continents vibrated in rhythmic cadence and sympathy to the beat of Logan's throbbing pulse.

The Point Pleasant battle had decided the conflict and peace was declared at the Conference at Camp Charlotte. The provisions of the treaty stated that the Indians were to return all white prisoners, horses and property in their possession; that they agree never to make war again upon the Virginia border and not to cross the Ohio River into Virginia for any purpose except to trade.

These pledges were to be secured by hostages who were to be taken to Pittsburgh and held there until the Virginians were satisfied that the promises would be fulfilled. As usual, neither party kept either the letter or the spirit of the agreement. The Mingoës held aloof because they did not believe that a prospect of peace was yet in sight. But the treaty was signed and was a fitting climax to Logan's life and to what proved to be the last great clash in the Ohio country between the Indians and the English, unless one chooses to call Tecumseh's Confederacy of the eighteen-twelve period an Indian war. But strictly speaking, that war was as much British as it was Indian. The Chiefs returned from the Conference to their towns and on the last day of October Dunmore started back with his army to Williamsburg, the capital of the Virginia colony; they carried with them Logan's speech, which became the topic of talk on everybody's tongue. In their eyes he was the hero of the day. Schoolcraft says: "The impression was widespread and effect electric. A heart capable of expressing such sentiments was worthy to beat in the noblest bosom of the human race."

CHAPTER XIV

YEARS OF UNCERTAINTY

THERE were many depredations and crimes committed on each side, red and white, within the compass of the thirty-odd years of Logan's active period and great conferences held that cannot be told or described here—clashes that were prodigal of human life and property and accompanied by daring exploits, suffering and torture. Events that are not in some vital way connected with his personal conduct, public or private, and such incidents as did not influence the course he was following in his attitude towards his fellow-men and the government have been purposely omitted for what seems a good and sufficient reason. They would carry the simple story of his life too far out into the history of the stirring times in which he lived and into regions too remote from the scenes of his activities. Some of the events and exploits are highly important in themselves and in relation to the larger scope of history and thrill with interest and excitement;

for Logan lived in the fresh growing morning of American history. If he had been able to write the English language as well and plainly as he spoke it and even no better, and had left notes or a diary of his travels, transactions and quiet victories, the story of his life would, no doubt, be longer and the rôle he played could be more graphically told.

Doubtless there are humorous episodes that provoked merriment and laughable situations to free himself from, for he did not want in the faculty that perceives the ludicrous. But they were not preserved with enough completeness or reliability of the traditions to warrant repetition. He took life in earnest and its experiences were too serious and real for jest or ridicule.

In four and a half years he moved half as many hundred miles westward as the airplane flies and had not found a spot that promised to be secure or permanent as a home. The defeat and total collapse of Pontiac's Conspiracy five years before he arrived on the Allegheny left turmoil and ruined villages in the wake. The survivors of the lost cause in western Pennsylvania and the adjoining region in Ohio withdrew to the middle and western parts of what is now the Buckeye State, where they set to work to recruit their depleted ranks and rally their spirits. Here lived a motley

population side by side, Mingoes, Miamis, Delawares, Shawneese, Ottawas, Twigtwees, Wyandots, and remnants and refugees of other tribes. These were favorite hunting grounds teeming with fish and game and had been the dwelling place of successive nations and tribes for centuries, as is proved by the numerous village sites, mounds, effigies, forts and ruins which still dot the valleys and hilltops.

But now this favorite refuge and land of plenty was thrown into alarm and uncertainty by the defeat of Cornstalk and his chosen army and the treaty they were forced to accept. It was among this medley of tribes and remnants that Logan was to live and once more try to set up his ideal democracy that would include both races where they might live together in peace and safety—a truly American ideal. He saw the Constitution framed which guarantees the rights and liberties of his dream, but did not live long enough to see it adopted and put to work in shaping the republic of which he was a part by sentiment and lifelong service.

The frontier line at this time ran from Lake Erie on the north down across eastern Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky to Tennessee and was firmly and surely pushing toward the setting sun with slaughter and blood in its sweep. On the line were the

brave pioneers and the daring ranger, scout and Indian fighter all in one, Samuel Brady in western Pennsylvania, Simon Kenton in Ohio and Daniel Boone in Kentucky and Tennessee was waiting for David Crockett to be born. The daring deeds and noble achievements of these heroic men have been already written and preserved; comrades in purpose and bravery and each defending a section of the long stretch of frontier. But the name of Kenton is the only one of the group that is directly associated with Logan; and his rescue from a mob of blood-thirsty Chiefs by the peace-maker Sachem was as brave and timely as it was humane and daring.

Logan faced the facts squarely. But it would not give due credit to his intelligence and usual good judgment to say he did not begin to see and realize that the vision of peace he had and thought fair and proper was not likely to come true, at least not soon. With the aid and coöperation of powerful Chiefs he had on different occasions failed to keep his own wild, treacherously savage people from making war, breaking treaties and committing frequent outrages, and he had not restrained himself from rash slaughter of unprotected whites. Sincere and complete surrender of all the tribes to some one or to any

responsible authority was as chimerical as it was impossible. They were not fit for such organization or able to live in it, and peace was not possible on any other terms; and his dream did not provide for complete and unconditional submission.

His cabin at Old Chillicothe, now Westfall, on the banks of the peaceful Scioto, looked towards the rising sun, the beautiful and fertile Pickaway plains and the yet-to-be-memorable Elm tree. But he did not tarry there long. They were dislodged from the Muskingum valley and the treaty just made with Dunmore was about to push them out of the lower Scioto towards the northwest. He moved to Pluggy's town, a village named after Pluggy, a Chief of the Mohawks, eighteen miles north of the present site of Columbus. It was on a summer day, the twenty-fifth of July of the following year, that Captain Wood and an interpreter were on their way to invite the tribes to a conference at Pittsburgh and came upon Logan and several other Indians who were under the influence of liquor. Wood and his companion were at the mercy of the savages, who were flushed with rum and hatred. Logan interceded in their behalf with the assuring words, "You shall not be hurt," and they were not molested.

The tribes and remnants had been reduced in numbers and were restless. They had been smothering and covering up their hatred as only Indians know how to do, but it was not abated. The English were equally uneasy, for the beacon-light had swung from the Old North Church tower and blood had flowed on Lexington Common. The year the war of the American Revolution began Logan apologized for the conduct of his people, but remained neutral and pleaded for peace. He said, "We hear bad news. Some of us are constantly threatened. We are informed that a great reward is offered to any person who will take or entice either of us to Pittsburgh, where we are to be hung up like dogs by the Long Knife. This being true, how can we think of what is good? That it is true, we have no doubt."

He attended a meeting of the tribes twelve months later and again counseled for peace as usual and went farther up the Scioto into the Wyandot country. The "Aged Indian" of Mrs. Hemans was probably Logan. If he alone was not the hero of this touching, sad song, the following lines give a true and real picture of his care-worn and grief-broken spirit:—

Warriors! my noon of life is past,
The brightness of my spirit flown;
I crouch before the wintry blast;

Amidst my tribe I dwell alone;
The heroes of my youth are fled,
They rest among the warrior dead.

They were yielding to the inexorable. Their fate had been foreshadowed and their destiny determined and written when the Caucasian first arrived on the fair and inviting shores of the western world. Such has been the fate of other primitive races through the course of human history. If their traditions contained stories of other aboriginal peoples who successfully opposed and scorned the advance of civilization or of new ideals of life they did not recite them to strangers who came to live among them or to conquer them, and did not heed the warning and handwriting on the wall. The law of the survival of the fittest is written in blood. Yet it is remarkable that the ideal of a democracy should emanate from the brain of an Indian and that its fundamental idea,—"that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,"—became the basic principle of the Declaration of American Independence.

Bereft of kin, Logan wandered among the tribes a broken man. According to the tradition already alluded to, in July of seventeen hundred seventy-eight the aged Outalissi, "desolate and

famished poor," stole back to Wyoming on the Susquehanna to clasp in a last embrace the boy, "It is my own," now grown to brawny manhood, whom he saved from an uncertain and perhaps barbaric fate fifteen years before. It was on the eve of the Wyoming Massacre of July third, seventeen hundred seventy-eight, when he arrived, just in time to sound the alarm of the impending doom:

The Mammoth comes—the foe—the monster
Brandt
With all his howling desolating band.

Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt, he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No, not the dog that watched my household
hearth,
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains;
All perished—I alone am left on earth
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.

Logan made his famous speech four years before the massacre at Wyoming. Campbell's poems were published in 1809, after the speech had become known in England and the truthfulness of the tradition of this visit is not only pos-

sible but very highly probable. It was the custom grown sacred through centuries of usage to visit the burial places of their kin at certain seasons and if far away at longer intervals. Moreover, the poet was a contemporary of Thomas Jefferson, who said confidently that Logan was the hero of the romance. Both the thought and the language put into the mouth of Outalissi on the occasion betray the source of the poet's inspiration.

In the autumn of this year of seventy-eight, Simon Kenton, the brave scout and companion of Daniel Boone, was caught stealing horses, if one could call it stealing, as he was taking from hostile Indians only such horses as they had stolen from the frontiersmen. He was condemned for the deed by a council of Chiefs, forced to run the gauntlet and was tied to the stake. The infamous renegade Simon Girty released him. He was tried again and condemned, but this time he was deserted by the turncoat Girty and left to his fate. The prisoner was then lodged with Logan for safe keeping until he would be led away to torture. "These chaps seem very angry with you," said Logan, "but be strong. I am a great Chief. They talk of taking you to Sandusky and burning you there. I will send messengers to speak good

for you." He sent two messengers to Sandusky and held the angry Indians in check while the runners made the journey, and with great difficulty got Kenton released. He was taken to Detroit and held a prisoner till he managed to escape in June of the next year and return to his home, which was then in Kentucky.

The following year he adopted a white woman into his family as his sister, Heckewelder says, to take the place of the sister who was killed at Yellow Creek five years before. During the remaining year of his life he made his home with the remnant of the band of Mingoes at Seneca on the Sandusky River. He continued to be friendly towards the English, notwithstanding his roving from place to place and indulging too freely in strong drink. In his disappointment and distress he turned to rum for comfort as many vigorous men have done since his day. The uncertainty and unrest that belong to a period of bitter hatred, strife and warfare did not change his purpose of maintaining a strict neutrality towards the tribes nor modify the inborn principle and standard of right and his love of peace and justice for all, friend and foe. The loss of his kin he had treated as a personal or individual grievance and with a few chosen companions, a mere handful, he had taken personal revenge. He was not

a Chief who delighted to lead hosts forth in battle, but a wise Sachem who strove to guide and govern his people and who toiled unceasingly to lead and protect them.

CHAPTER XV

FAVORS THE BRITISH CAUSE— A CONFESSION

ENGLAND had now been at war with the American colonies for four years. Whether it was on account of his former allegiance to the Great Father and his appointment to office as his father's successor at Shamokin, or because the hated Virginians stood in his mind and by his way of reckoning for all Americans, cannot be decided after so long a lapse of time with no record to show his feelings in the matter. But Logan came under the influence of the Shawneese, who were avowed and resolute enemies of the Virginians, and allied himself actively on the side of the British the last year of his life. However true it may be, it is said he led a scouting party back to the Holston River, the alleged home of his accused and hated personal enemy, in seventy-nine and brought out a number of prisoners.

The next year at the age of fifty-five he joined a force that was sent from Detroit down into

Kentucky under the command of Captain Henry Bird. This little army of raiders was made up of Canadian volunteers, some regulars of the British army and Indians who sympathized with the British cause in the Revolutionary War, which was still in progress with the issue undecided and the odds in favor of the British. The Settlements at Ruddell's and Martin's stations were taken and many prisoners were brought back across the Ohio river. Logan chatted freely with the unfortunate captives on the way. Among the prisoners was John Dunkin. He and Logan became friends on the journey and it was to Dunkin that he revealed the inner conflict and contradictory workings of his troubled conscience, brave heart and thoroughly human nature. He said to Dunkin, "I know that I have two souls, the one good, and the other bad. When the good has the ascendant I am kind and humane. When the bad soul rules I am perfectly savage and delight in nothing but blood and carnage."

CHAPTER XVI

THE END

AFTER he returned from the Kentucky raid he went to a council of Chiefs at Detroit in autumn. He became melancholy at times in later years and as the end of days drew near sometimes delirious. During the progress of the conference Logan in a passion, probably crazed by drink, struck his wife and felled her by what seemed at first a fatal blow. He fled from her relatives and took the well-worn trail leading towards his home on the Sandusky. He was overtaken by a band of Indians with their women and children at a noted camping place near Brownsville, one writer says. His nephew, Tod-kah-dohs, was one of the party. It is almost certain that Logan was mistaken and judged wrongly when he suspected them of pursuing him to punish him for striking his wife. He shouted defiantly that he would scalp the whole party. His nephew knew well his alertness and that the only escape was to strike first; and as Logan was leaping from his horse Tod-kah-dohs



LOGAN MONUMENT, AUBURN, NEW YORK

shot him. The next morning some Wyandots went out a distance of two miles and brought in the body and buried it.

According to another account of his death which is more frequently repeated, he was killed on the way while making the same journey from Detroit to the upper Sandusky. He had a quarrel with his nephew and while he was sitting by his camp fire with his elbows on his knees and his face between his hands in deep meditation, Tod-kah-dohs stole up behind him and tomahawked him. Whichever may have been the exact manner of his death, on Tod-kah-dohs rests the charge and crime of Logan's death. Both the exact date and place are lost to history. And there in the silent autumn woods on the shore of Lake Erie the darkness closed around him and the primeval forests which he loved so well began to sing requiems over the lonely spot.

CHAPTER XVII

TRIBUTES—IN SONG AND STORY

THUS passed Logan. His passions were naked and furious when fully aroused, but his sorrow was deep and real. His character was unique and survived as no mean benefaction to the future to become the common possession of mankind.

A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.
Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow.

Joseph Dodridge dramatized him in a four-act piece which was very popular in the thirties and forties, fifty years after his death, and his name and fame were echoed in musical comedy and current literature and sung in such tributes as Canning's "The Shades of Logan." In fiction, as Ellis' "Logan, the Mingo," written for children,

where the author gives free rein to the imagination, he is eulogized as the man who "Spoke with a single tongue,"—brave and honest and as fleet as a deer. Whether we meet him in history, official records, in poetry or fiction or in the plain annals and traditions of every-day life he is sincere and trustworthy and the brave champion of personal freedom, right and justice—the Patriot and true American.

I shrink from the task of recording and verifying the origin of the names of counties, towns and villages; of streets and mills; of creeks, fords and ports, the hills, rocks and rills that bear the name Logan, many of which were named after him and in his honor. No other Indian called forth so much verse and eulogy and left a name and fame impressed on so many nations as Logan.

In eighteen hundred fifty-two, almost three quarters of a century after his death, a rustic monument was set up on a mound at the apex of Fort Hill cemetery, Auburn, New York, where tradition says he was born. On it is inscribed his own words, the sad and heart-torn cry, "WHO IS THERE TO MOURN FOR LOGAN?" Posterity has been tardy in erecting memorials to mark sites and scenes associated with his life and places made historic by his deeds. But not more so perhaps than it has been in commemorating the

heroism and suffering of other martyrs to the cause of freedom of those days who were of our own blood and kin.

On the second of October nineteen hundred twelve the Elm tree, known as Logan's Elm, hoary with its ten score and more years, together with about five acres of ground surrounding it, situated six miles south of Circleville and two and a half miles east of the Scioto River, became the property of the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society to be preserved in perpetuity as a public park. A granite monument was erected a few rods south of the tree with inscriptions which give the history of Maj. John Boggs who built a cabin on the spot in seventeen hundred ninety-eight; of his son and of his grandson, John Boggs, Jr., who erected the monument. On one side is the following record:—

Under the spreading branches of
a magnificent Elm tree near by is
where Logan, a Mingo Chief,
made his celebrated speech, and
where Lord Dunmore concluded
his treaty with the Indians in 1774,
thereby opened this County for the
settlement of our fathers.

As to the place where the Dunmore treaty was actually signed, official reports and history agree

that it was done at Camp Charlotte which was a few miles east of this spot. An epitaph for the occasion and worthy of the plain, celebrated Mingo reads as follows:—

Logan, to thy memory here
White men do this tablet rear;
On its front we grave thy name
In our hearts shall live thy fame.
While Niagara's thunders roar
Or Erie's surges lash the shore;
While onward broad Ohio glides
And seaward roll her Indian tides
So long their memory, who did give
These floods their sounding names shall live.
While time, in kindness, burries
The gory axe and warrior's bow.
O justice, faithful to thy trust,
Record the virtues of the just.

In weighing human conduct and estimating character, of an individual, of a group of men or of a nation, the kind and the magnitude of the temptations he meets or has thrust upon him count as well as his mental endowment, moral standard and social aptitude. And down the long perspective of history comes the impartial verdict that to spirits that exulted in the fact that they were the first owners of the lands and all the material sources of a satisfied existence which they were fighting and dying to protect; to human be-

ings that were born free and loved their freedom next to life itself; and to a proud race that scorned slavery and the thought of submission and extinction—the havoc forced upon the Indians was galling and cruelly unjust.

His consistent life and steadfast purpose won for Logan the world's admiration and praise in spite of the revenge and savagery of one-half year and the intemperance of his last years. His character embodied the best traditions and highest ideals of the proud, care-free and restraint-free North American Indian of the early days before they deteriorated into a state of relentless savagery and revenge. He was frankly honest, modest, generous and faithful to a trust and was "never surpassed by any of his nation for magnanimity in war and greatness of soul in peace." One law of his life was to do as you would be done by. His manner was dignified and manly and in none of his recorded utterances can the language of abuse, railery or contempt be found. Neither did he ever wear a petticoat like a squaw, the humiliating sign and punishment of cowardice. The better qualities of his character and deeds of his life challenge the esteem of mankind and stand out as the sure marks of a superior nature whose sincerity and humanity were shown by the prac-

tice of virtues which no one need fear or blush to imitate.

His eventful life fell in the border-conflict period of Indian and Anglo-Saxon history—border in a much deeper and broader meaning than geographical boundaries, the edicts of Kings or treaty agreements. It was the meeting of two states of society and the dividing line between two races whose stages of social organization were separated by a thousand years or more and whose modes of living were widely different.

History has not preserved a better type and higher product of the Indian race than Logan. But he was also a prophecy of the new civilization that was to follow; he was a natural man, democratic and American. Brandt, Red Jacket, Pontiac, Cornstalk, Tecumseh and many others were famous Chiefs of whose prowess and greatness the Indian could proudly and justly boast. But Logan was both revered and feared; first feared and then revered; and his name shines from the zenith of the history of the North American Indian as the friend of the white man and the most renowned individual of his once numerous race.

What Lord Dufferin wrote of Christopher Columbus, the explorer, as recently as eighteen

hundred ninety-two may be also said of Logan the Indian, "If fame is an enviable thing, there is no man's fame more to be envied than his; for never has fame been better deserved, so widely acknowledged, or more innocently acquired."

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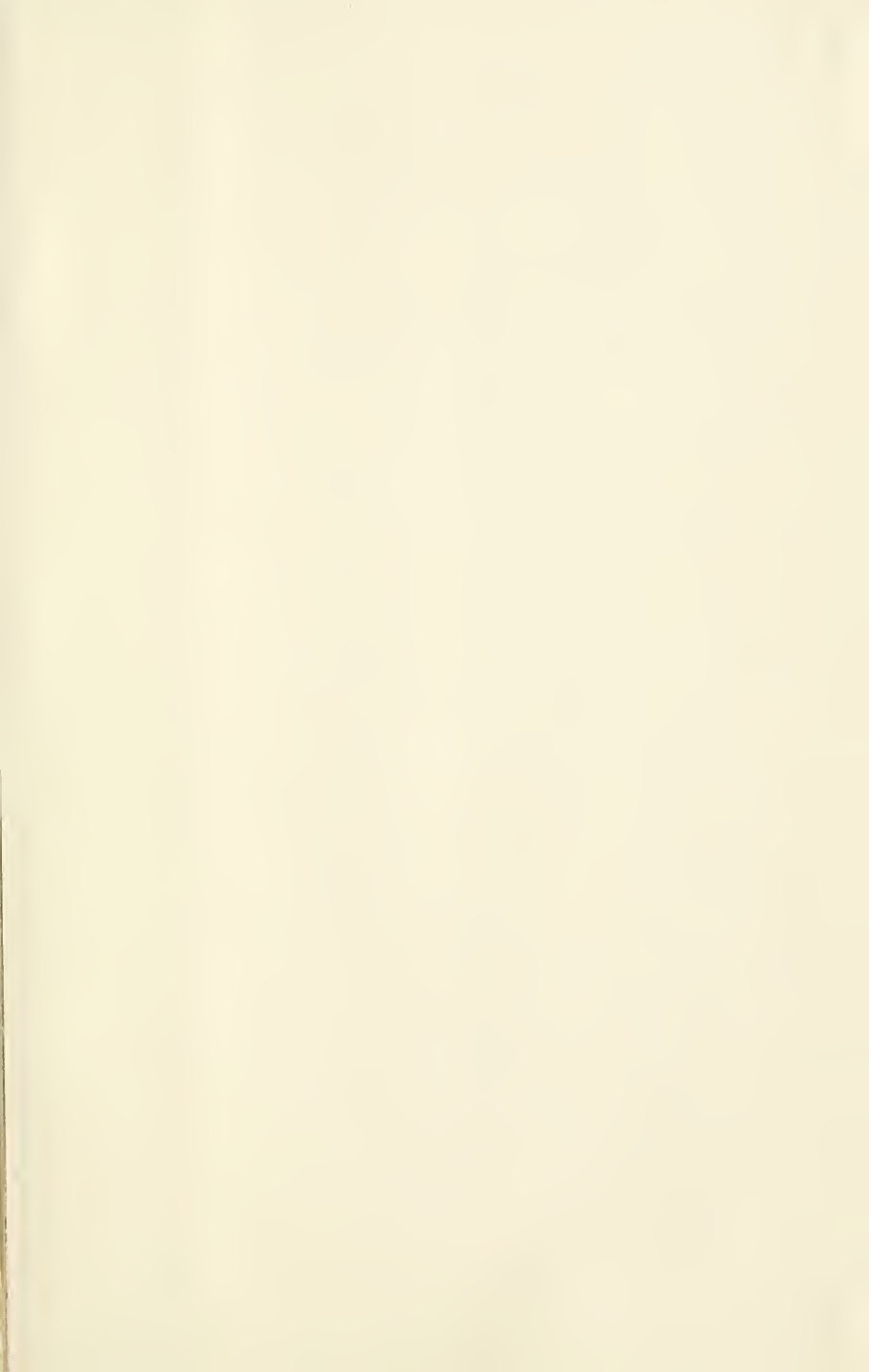
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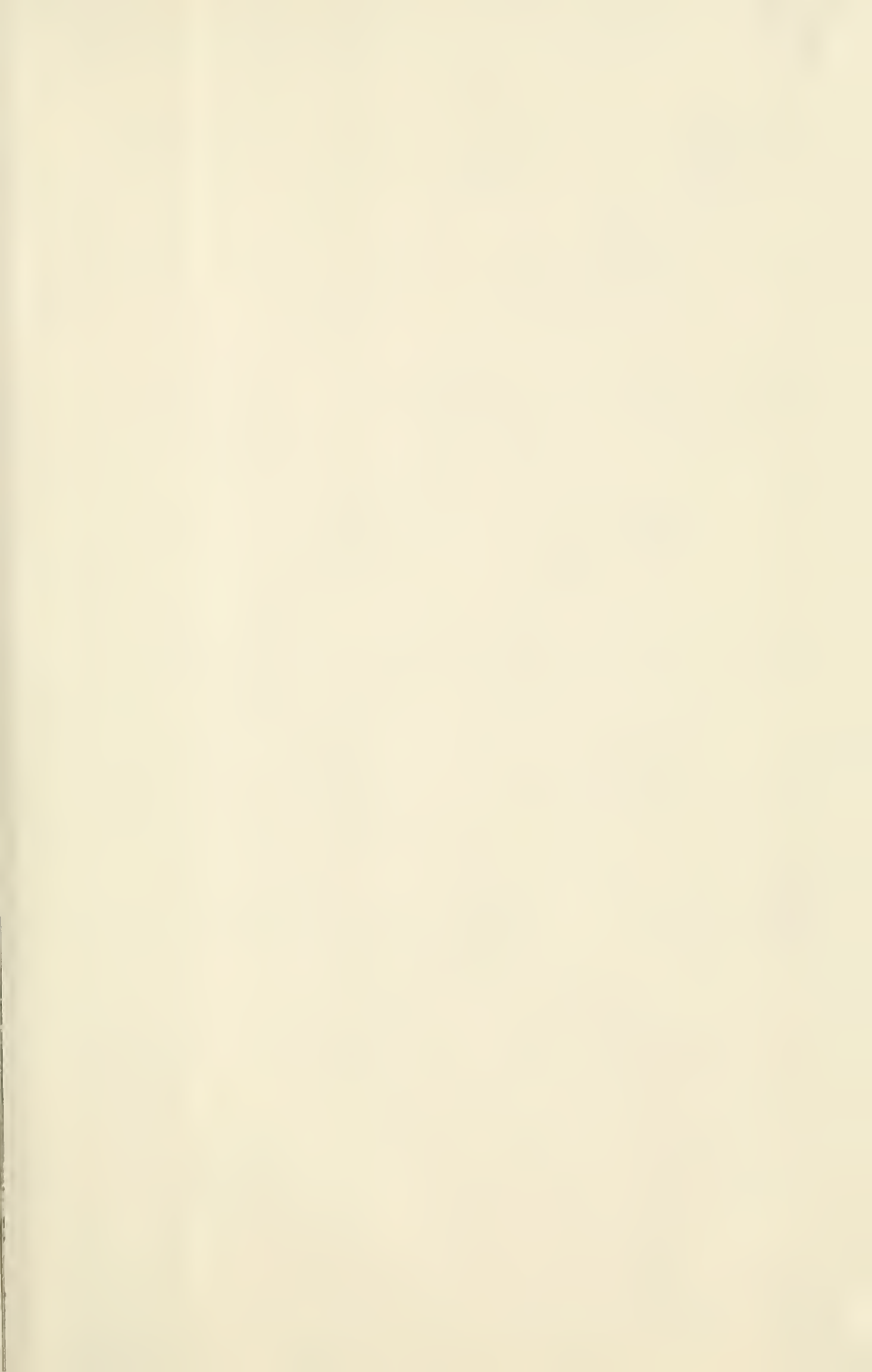
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